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BLOSSOMS

OF

GENIUS,

By JANE HOUGHTON.

K

AGED TWELVE YEARS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATION

TO

MY HONOURED FATHER.

THESE poems dear father to you I address,
To you, whom I've ev'ry reason to bless;
May heaven preserve you, and give you long life,
And may you be freed from all care and all strife.
I hope you 'll excuse the defects that you find,
As your always indulgent, and chearful, and kind,
And consider that 'tis the first effort I 've made,
And be a proof of my duty when low I am laid.
The piece on the fast you are pleas'd to admire,
Which gave me great pleasure, and joy did inspire.
Oh! may all the rest give you equal delight,
And that all my pains will more than requite.

BLOSSOMS

OF

GENIUS.

ON SPRING.

How chearful and gay is the spring,
Since with it each pleasure it brings;
How mild and serene is the sky,
And the little birds merrily fly;
The lambkins too join in the play,
And are happy at sight of the day;
The bowers all gaily appear,
To welcome the spring of the year,
The nightengale sings in the morn,
And dew-drops are seen on the thorn,
The nymphs and the swains do advance,
And merrily join in the dance,
Nought's heard but the pipe and the song,
Such joys to fair spring doth belong.

ADDRESS

TO

ROBIN RED BREAST.

COME gentle Robin to my home,
O come, and thou shalt find a friend,
With me thou need'st not fear but come,
On me thou truly may'st depend.

I 'll shelter thee in wind and rain,
And will from hunger keep thee free,
Thou shalt be fed with crumbs and grain,
And need'st no evil fear from me.

Be chearful then my bird and sing;
I 'll guard thee during winter's reign,
And when returns the happy spring,
Then Robin shall be free again.

ACCEPT, my dear Father, the thanks which are due,
For the bird, I accept with great pleasure from you,
I 'll keep it, and love it, and always prove kind;
It never ſhall want either water or seed,
And still be supply'd with good groundsel and weed,
And when it doth sing I great pleasure shall find.

WELCOME TO A BIRD.

WELCOME sweet Bird unto my care,
I 'll keep thee safe from ev'ry snare,
I 'll guard thee from all danger nigh,
And all thy wants I 'll still supply;
Thou need'st not fear for I 'm thy friend,
On me thou safely may'st depend.

DESCRIPTION
OF A
COUNTRY LIFE.

How peaceful and calm is a country life,
Quite free from all bustle, all care, and all strife,
The nymphs and the swains rise at sound of the horn,
Which causes the hunters to mount in the morn,
The lambkins all merrily sport on the lawn,
And the lark's sprightly note now announces the dawn,
The thorn now with dew-drops is sprinkl'd all o'er,
And the sunbeams the beauties of nature restore;
Be thankful then, mortals, give praise to the Lord,
Who for us all blessings doth timely afford,
His mercy will always his servants attend,
Who an ample reward will receive in the end.

Go forth, O Lord, and guard the British arms,
And may success all their designs attend,
Grant that all enemies may be disarm'd,
Be thou their sure protector and their friend.

O grant that they their trust may put in thee,
And ever pray to thee the gracious Lord,
Who them in time of danger will set free,
And who to them each blessing will afford.

O Lord restore to health my Father dear,
And ease our minds of ev'ry doubt and fear,
Ease him of pain, and bless all that he takes,
Then will we say God's mercies are all great;
And Lord restore him to us, soon or late,
Which time, thou Lord, best knows, who did us make.

ON FLOWERS.

The Flowers the gardens and fields do perfume,
At th' approach of the spring they their verdure resume,
The Snowdrop and Crocus now gaily appear,
And hail, with new rapture, the spring of the year;

The Harebell and Daisies the fields now adorn,
And blossoms, sweet blossoms, abound on the Thorn:
The Rose and the Lilly the eye doth delight,
And the Tulip and Woodbine the hand doth invite,
The Pinks and Carnations are seen fully blown,
The beautiful Lilac, all carelessly thrown
Around the sweet arbour, doth give a nice shade;
Give praise then to God who all things hath made.

ON THE

RECOVERY

OF

MY FATHER.

I See God's mercies ev'ry day renew'd,
For my dear Father once with pain I view'd,
But now all glory be unto God's name,
I see with pleasure health return again,
He now no longer hath that languid smile,
But books again will all his pains beguile,
Lord grant it soon, if 'tis thy gracious will,
Restore his health, and deign to bless him still.

ON THE

GENERAL FAST,

MARCH 8, 1797.

THIS solemn day before the Lord we bow,
To pray that he will keep us from our foe,
That we from sin and evil may be freed,
In heart, in mind, in life, in word, and deed,
That we may fast and pray with all our heart,
In which Lord grant each soul may bear a part,
And do thou Lord in mercy safely keep
Us from all sorrow till in death we sleep,
And when that time shall come, Lord chear our breast
With joy, to enter thine appointed rest,
Grant that no doubts or fears our mind dismay,
But dwell in peace till thy eternal day,
In which, O Father! claim us for thine own,
And then for ever we shall cease to moan;
Grant this dear Lord, our fervent prayer attend,
Grant George's safety, and our arms defend,
Preserve us Lord, our enemies disarm,
And still protect us with thine outstretch'd arm;
O Lord send peace, and bless our gracious King,
Then of thy mercies we will ever sing.

ON THE MYRTLE.

Behold the sweet Myrtle, the ever-green tree,
Which fades not in winter, but always is green,
In it you an emblem of truth plainly see,
Which virtue will flourish, and never prove mean.

O then mind example, and cherish fair truth,
Which like the fair Myrtle will flourish and bloom,
Bring good out of evil, chear age, and bless youth,
And fragrance afford more than roses' perfume.

For instance; how many examples we see
Of the good which this virtue doth daily afford,
It reconciles foes, and will grow like the tree,
But falshood to conscience will prove as a sword.

THE PLEASURES OF A WALK.

One chearful May morning as I took a walk,
I met with a friend, who soon join'd me in talk,
We spoke of the beauties of fields and of flowers,
And admir'd the sweet woodbine which decks all the bowers;

We walk'd thro' the grove where we heard the birds sing,
And saw all the flowers, the produce of spring;
O then we admir'd the works of the Lord,
Who for us new beauties will timely afford.

THE

PLEASURES OF A WALK NEAR THE SEA.

O HOW charming's a walk by the side of the sea!
When I there walk along who so happy as me?
To see the waves calm and the ships sail around,
Gives delight to my mind while with joy I abound.
One day as I went the fine fleet for to see,
The ships in full sail, and the crew in great glee,
It gave me great pleasure to see the friends meet,
And the children all running their father to greet,
To welcome him home with joy their hearts beat,
That 'tis seldom they leave any marks of their feet,
They jump up in his arms, with joy in their look,
And each tell him the tales they have read in their book,
He then returns home, and gives thanks to the Lord,
Who hath bless'd him, and brought him safe home from abroad.

Be thou our sure Protector, Lord,
And keep us safe from harm,
Do thou good things to us afford,
And keep from false alarm.

SENT TO A LADY WITH A PRESENT.

Accept, my dear friend,
The present I send,
As a token of friendship sincere,
For the attention you pay
To my father each day,
I your kindness shall ever revere.

The gift is but small,
But affection is all
Which, you may believe, is your due;
When to it your eyes stray,
Think on me each day,
And I 'll think as often on you.

ON A FADED FLOWER.

Behold this Flow'r, once blooming, fair and gay,
See it now wither, die, and fade away,
This Flow'r, that once the garden did adorn,
Now droops its head before th' approach of morn:
See then, and learn that beauty is no stay,
For, like the Flow'r, 't will wither and decay,
Reflect, and then you 'll clearly see and know,
That 't is but a transient vision here below;
Then practise virtue, which will ever last,
And give fair peace when life's gay hours are past.

The Throstle doth sing,
At th' approach of the spring,
And the birds are all chearful and gay;
They sit on the thorn,
To welcome the morn,
And warble and sing all the day.
They give praise to the Lord,
Who to them affords,
Each blessing that they can desire;
He sends them their food,
And herb that is good
And with gladness their hearts doth inspire.

ON SEEING A REVIEW.

One fine Tuesday morning as I went to see
A Review, with my friend, who then was with me,
We call'd on some friends, with us for to go,
To see the fine sight, where we fear'd for no foe;
When we arriv'd there, the Light-horse were in sight,
And when they 'd rode round they began for to fight;
What a fine charming view, and how much it pleas'd me
When they stood in a row, with their front to the sea;
As we advanc'd forward, the shrill trumpet blew,
Then the horses sprung forward, and people withdrew;
At the word of command they lay down and then rose,
And when all was over, their strength did not lose,
But all march'd in great order along the sea shore,
And I return'd home more pleas'd than before.

ON THE BEE.

Who an emblem of industry wishes to see,
Let them turn and behold the industrious Bee;
They go out in the morn, and with pleasure return,
With the fruit of their labour, and none of them mourn,

They suck all the flowers some honey to find,
Which if we 'd examine would improve heart and mind;
They fly about humming, are happy and gay,
And return to the hive with the fruits of the day,
They labour and toil with industry and care,
But alas! they too often do fall in a snare,
From a vase that is set to entice them to come,
And many sink deep and have not strength to go home,
But linger, and die in pleasing their taste,
While others fly by and their time do not waste:
O man! take example, attentively hear,
The moral is drawn, tho' but faintly I fear,
A most useful lesson these insects do give,
Be careful like them, in industry live;
Be prudent, this virtue be careful to mind,
Which will banish foul thoughts, and soon you will find
That it will bless youth, and provide for old age,
And repay us with bliss while we 're on this life's stage;
But shun all vain pleasures which is but time lost,
And when all is over the mind 's only crost.

ON THE SQUIRREL.

How busy and active is this little creature,
It 's play we may see in its very feature,
When you shew it a nut 't will come from a tree,
And jump all around you, and be in great glee:
It seldom stands still, but is always at play,
And rejoices when it sees th' approach of fair May;
At a show you may see it jump round in the cage,
Is happy and gay, and ne'er fears for old age,
But wishes no more than some nuts for to find,
Then sits in his cage and is happy in mind.

ON

SEEING THE FOLLOWING WORDS

OVER A

COMMUNION TABLE:

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

O MAY these words dwell on our minds,
And be each earthly wish resign'd,
That we may live a christian's life,
And still be freed from care and strife,

That we may raise our thoughts on high,
And God's right hand be ever nigh,
To keep us with his precious aid,
From evil through this world's dark shade,
That God may make us pure within,
And cleanse us by his power from sin,
That he may claim us for his own,
When we 're call'd hence and cease to moan,
That when the trump shall raise the dead
And we are call'd to Christ the head,
We may behold him without fear,
That 's liv'd through him whose love's sincere.

SENT TO A LADY WITH A PRESENT ON HER BIRTH DAY.

Pray accept of the box which to you I now send,
As a token of friendship, for I am your friend,
And when I say so be assur'd it is true,
Or indeed my dear friend I 'd not say so to you;
As this is your birth-day I hope you 'll be gay,
And forget all past sorrows and keep up this day,

I wish you all comfort that can be desir'd,
And with peace and truth to be ever inspir'd;
Such is the desire that I have for you,
Which you may believe when I say 't is your due.

ON DEATH.

How awful is the thought of Death,
Which lays great men into the earth,
Where you and I both soon must lie,
And at God's word we all must die;
At his command we yield our breath,
And soon are laid within the earth,
For dust we are, to dust we go,
Where we are free from care and woe;
How many die when in their bloom,
And 's call'd by God to meet their doom,
How many leave their weeping friends
And fly to Christ, who for them sends,
He chears their breast, their sorrows cease,
And in his bosom all is peace.

ON THE ROSE.

How sweet and how gay is this beautiful flow'r,
Its charms we behold ev'ry opening hour,
It scatters perfume in the garden of May,
And shews all its beauties at return of the day;
It perfumes and adorns all the groves and the bowers,
And shews forth its lustre among the gay flowers,
'T is an emblem of goodness which ever will last,
For when it is dead its flavour 's not past
But has a sweet smell when its beauty is fled,
Near as much as it had when 't was clad in gay red.

EPITAPH.

All ye who pass pray stop and drop a tear,
One much belov'd and valu'd is now laid here;
A Shaw's example practise, and be wise,
That when to judgment call'd, with joy may rise.

ON THE

RESTORATION

OF

MY FATHER.

O LET all join to praise the Lord,
Who now my father hath restor'd,
Let us fall down before our God,
Who hath restor'd thro' Jesus' blood;
O may he wash our sins away,
That we may never go astray,
But keep us, with his watchful care,
From evil, and from Satan's snare.

ON LAMBS.

THE Lambs do play on ev'ry side,
And innocence their actions guide,
They play on hills, and stray thro' dales,
And frisk about at ev'ry gale;
Sometimes they seek themselves a shade,
And soon within the cool are laid,

Sometimes they play round the shepherd's seat,
And frisk about, him for to greet;
At other times they 're seen to leap,
But soon lie down and fall asleep,
And when they wake arise to play,
Are happy in the month of May,
Are chearful when the sky is clear,
And see the day break without fear,
They think they 're safe from ev'ry harm,
While in the fold or near the farm;
The shepherd leads them to the field,
And guards them with a pow'rful shield,
Then doth sit down, plays on his pipe,
And 's glad to see the fruit all ripe.

ON MAY.

WHAT a happy month is May,
How delightful and how fair,
How enchanting and how gay,
Chears the heart of pining care.

While we wander thro' the green,
See the birds, and hear them sing,
What a sweet enchanting scene,
Which to us fair May doth bring.

While we walk along the grove,
And admire the joys of spring;
While we thro' the fields do rove,
We rejoice, and chearful sing.

We examine all the flowers,
And admire the lilly white,
We return to seek the bowers,
Which delight both smell and sight.

We go home, but soon return
And seek the cool, and find the shade,
Then sit on the bank, nor mourn,
But praise him who us hath made.

ON

THE BEAUTY OF SHELLS.

How elegant the Sea-shells are,
In them each beauty we behold,
What to the shell can we compare?
More curious far than much lov'd gold.

Some we behold that please the sight,
Which ev'ry gazer doth admire,
And view with wonder and delight,
Adorn'd with all they can desire.

How small the fish which they contain,
In them the works of God we see,
Behold and view the num'rous train,
That dwell within the roaring sea.

'T is God that keeps both small and great,
And doth preserve them by his pow'r,
'T is he who did them all create,
And keep them free thro' ev'ry hour.

ON

SEEING THE PICTURE

OF A

DORMOUSE EATING NUTS.

THE little harmless Dormouse see,
Eating his nuts, and in great glee,
Behold him, with them under the tree.

See him so busy with them all,
To eat them fast lest they should fall,
And hears not when his mistress calls.

She looks about, him for to find,
But sees him not, then fears in mind,
Lest he should not be treated kind.

She almost now was in despair,
So much her Dormouse she holds dear,
And often drop'd a friendly tear.

But, O what joy beat in her breast!
When she beheld him quite at rest,
Her little truant welcome guest.

She chid, but he began to play,
And begg'd he would not run away,
But rest at home, and there be gay.

She took him up and straight went home,
And he no longer wish'd to roam,
But did sedate and good become.

A MORNING HYMN.

Now all the shades of night are past,
And chearful morning doth appear,
No more the sky with gloom 's o'ercast,
For which praise God with heart sincere.

As with another day we 're blest,
We 'll praise the Lord, and chearful sing,
For all the blessings we 've possest,
Which virtue ever with it brings.

We praise thee, Lord, who kept from harm,
Us thro' the watches of the night,
Who hath preserv'd us from alarm,
And all that might have pow'r to fright.

That we to sing thy praise arise,
And laud thy name for ever blest,
Lord grant that we may goodness prize,
And in Christ's bosom be at rest.

AN EVENING HYMN.

The night approaches, gracious Lord,
Thy wonted mercies still afford,
O keep us from all danger still,
And guard us safe from ev'ry ill;
O deign to bless us while we sleep,
And all thy servants safely keep.

That when the night of death shall come
When we must sleep within the tomb,
O Lord do thou preserve our dust,
Until the rising of the just;
Then may thy smile our fears remove,
And ever bless us with thy love.

All those who happy wish to be,
Their lives to prosper wish to see,
Let them have God their constant friend,
And in their sorrows to him bend,
To pray that they may soon be freed,
From all their troubles and foul deeds,
That being possess'd of hearts sincere,
And to the Lord be ever dear.

May we for ever keep God's laws,
Nor seek to gain the world's applause,
But ever have a faithful heart,
In which grant peace may bear a part;
May wisdom ever be our guide,
To keep us free from vice and pride,
Keep virtue's path, our safest way,
Which will bring peace at the last day;
May we to good be e'er inclin'd,
And be kept free in heart and mind
From this life's troubles and its cares,
And all its vain delusive snares;

O pray to God to be our friend,
Let all our prayers to him ascend,
For our King's safety, and our own;
O let thy goodness long be shown,
Let us of peace be long possest,
And then enjoy eternal rest.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

Some news of your box I am happy to hear,
For she kept it so long, I began for to fear,
Lest you should not have it; but now I am glad,
Because you 'll be happy, that once was so sad:
How oft have you spoke of it during the day,
And wish'd it to come, tho' but fruitless you 'll say,
But now I 'm in hopes you will have it right soon,
And not be delay'd till the sweet month of June.

RIDDLES.

RIDDLE 1ST.

My colour is green,
In houses I 'm seen,
An emblem of friendship and love;
And tho' not so gay,
As the flowers of May,
More lasting and constant I prove.

RIDDLE 2ND.

Fair as the fairest lady of the land,
I justly admiration may command,
I oft am dress'd in colours fine and gay,
Yet never shine at opera, ball or play,
Tho' lovely, I 'm from affectation free,
In this dear ladies learn to copy me.

RIDDLE 3RD.

Behold me made of steel so bright,
An useful thing, yet without sight,
I on the ladies do attend,
Am always found an useful friend,
When they prepare to go to th' ball,
I am obedient to their call,
The finest dress could never be
Compleatly finish'd without me.

ANSWERS

TO THE

RIDDLES.

ANSWER 1ST.

BEAUTY and dress the thoughtless prize,
But those who prudent are, and wise,
Knowing how soon these joys are past,
Prize worth which will like MYRTLES last.

ANSWER 2ND.

MISS DOLLY's charms can much engage
Fair Ladies in their early age;
In dress she doth their taste improve,
Thro' her they children learn to love;
Their care of Doll instructs the heart,
In time to act the mother's part,

ANSWER 3RD.

WHILST many a lady fine and gay,
Flutters at opera, ball or play,
From all applause she hopes to gain,
But, ah! her silly arts are vain;
While she who doth more seldom roam,
Content with books and friends at home,
Or carefully her NEEDLE plies,
Is lov'd by all that 's good and wise.

ACROSTIC

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED

TO MR.

H ONOUR and sacred truth to you are dear,
O h you! to whom my love is most sincere,
U nlike the thoughtless, fond of ball and play,
G ive to poor people comfort ev'ry day,
H ow shall I thank you for your care of me?
T o all you wish I will obedient be;
O may you be with ev'ry blessing crown'd,
N or ought your peace and happiness confound.

ACROSTIC ON MRS.

S WEET friendship from the skies descend,
H ere all thy blessings deign to pour,
A ll joys attend my valu'd friend,
W ho chear'd me in affliction's hour. *

* This lady was very attentive and kind during my father's illness.

ACROSTIC ON MRS.

M AY you always happy prove,
Y ou whom I sincerely love,
L et your mind be free from care,
E ver kept from evil's snare,
S till to me be e'er sincere,

ON THE DOVE.

THE Dove an emblem is of love,
And to her young doth constant prove,
She brings them wheat each day for food,
And seeks for all that's rich and good,
She spreads her wings, to keep them warm,
And guard them safe from ev'ry harm,
To keep them safe from birds of prey,
She doth them tend and watch each day,
She guards them with a mother's care,
To keep them safe from ev'ry snare,
And doth rejoice to see them grow,
To see them free from care and woe.

LORD bid the noise of arms to cease,
Let all the world be hush'd in peace,
That foreign foes no more may harm,
Or give Britannia's sons alarm,
But may we live in peace and love,
And sing to him who reigns above,
To praise him for all mercies past,
That these our joys may ever last:
O let our pray'rs to thee ascend,
And be sincere when we do bend,
Then hear and answer, gracious Lord,
And peace and love to us afford.

MAY peace and love be on our side,
May truth and wisdom be our guide,
And virtue lead us in the way
Of fame and happiness each day;
May we obedience ever mind,
And soon the blessing we shall find,
Which from this virtue doth proceed,
And crowns with blessings ev'ry deed.

If we our parents will obey,
The Lord will bless us ev'ry day,
And in old age for us provide,
And still to bless us near abide;
That when this mortal life is o'er,
When we its scenes shall view no more,
Then grant, O Lord, that we may see
Thy heav'nly face, and be with thee,
And tune our golden harps, and sing
The praises of th' Eternal King,
Who gave his life mankind to save,
For us descended to the grave,
And kept us with his pow'rful arm
From ev'ry evil and alarm.

CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

My first doth soar aloft in air,
My second cruel horsemen wear,
My whole in gardens oft are seen,
Admir'd by shepherdess and queen.

LARKSPUR.

CHARADE II.

My first is azure as the sky,
My second rings when all is joy,
My whole is gay, and doth delight,
And fair young ladies' hands invite.

BLUEBELL.

CHARADE III.

My first 's the sailor's great delight,
My second men of taste invite,
My whole is spotted, strip'd and clean,
In me each beauty may be seen.

SEASHELL.

CHARADE IV.

My first supports the house when made,
My second oft adorns the shade,
My whole is sweet, and doth perfume
The garden and the summer room.

WALL FLOWER.

CHARADE V.

My first the passions often move,
My second doth instruction prove,
My whole is lov'd and priz'd by all,
Am often introduc'd at th' ball.

MUSIC BOOK.

CHARADE VI.

My first doth in the spring look gay,
My second 's us'd by all each day,
My whole is always useful found.
And doth in many a shop abound.

GREEN CLOTH.

CHARADE VII.

My first 's a bird but little known,
My second 's water all must own,
My whole 's a town for trade renown'd,
Where many a gallant tar is found.

LIVERPOOL.

CHARADE VIII.

My first 's as black as any crow,
My next you often do I know,
My whole is us'd by great and small,
In palace, cottage, house, and hall.

INKSTAND.

CHARADE IX.

My first at night secures the door,
My second is not OFF I 'm sure,
My whole 's a much improving town,
That will soon be of great renown.

BOLTON.

CHARADE X.

My first is own'd creation's proud Lord,
My second contains the miser's rich hoard,
My third 's, to do wrong, with a letter left out,
My whole 's a most flourishing town without doubt.

MANCHESTER.

CHARADE XI.

My first is th' linnet's daily food,
My next all children think is good,
My whole is us'd by king and queen,
In palaces I oft am seen.

SEED CAKE.

CHARADE XII.

My first with learning doth abound,
My second 's in most houses found,
My whole is useful to the state,
To rich and poor, but most to th' great.

BOOKCASE.

ON VIRTUE.

VIRTUE is priz'd by all that 's good,
Her worth by all is understood,
When she goes forth then all is peace,
None of her blessings ever cease;
The house is blest where she doth dwell,
Who can her goodness ever tell?
Or sound her fame to all around?
Or tell the comforts where she's found?
What blessings from kind heav'n are sent
On those who are on virtue bent,
Who from her paths ne'er go astray,
But ever keep in the right way,
On them the Lord doth blessings pour,
And saves them in the trying hour,
From Satan's evils and his snares,
And all this world's most trying cares.

ON THE
SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

How short is life! how soon t' is oer!
How swift time flies to bloom no more,

How soon within the earth we 're laid,
Like flowers that doth at ev'ning fade,
Lively and chearful in the morn,
At eve we go ne'er to return,
We view life's active scenes no more,
But all its fleeting joys are o'er;
Man's life at best is but a flow'r,
Not sure or certain of an hour;
The glass doth run, for none will stay,
In life's best bloom we oft decay;
Some die when to full manhood grown,
Some when they life have scarcely known,
And when the longest life is past,
How short the time appears at last;
Since then we all must meet our fate,
Let us prepare before too late.

REBUSSES.

REBUSS I.

If a falshood, omitting a letter, is join'd
To the contrast of OFF a fierce beast you will find.

LION.

REBUSS II.

To the name of a monarch pray join a poor trade,
And you 'll see a sweet bird that oft flies in the shade.

KING FISHER.

REBUSS III.

An Irish city please to take,
And add to that what blacksmiths make,
An useful servant will appear,
Who helps with wine the heart to chear.

CORK SCREW.

REBUSS IV.

To a creature for art and cunning renown'd,
Add what at each visit, each ball, may be found,
A flower of great elegance soon will appear,
Which helps to make chearful the ſpring of the year.

FOX GLOVE.

ENIGMATICAL LIST

OF

FRIENDS.

An interjection first begin,
To clasp, but leave a letter out,
A consonant you 'll next put in,
A heavy weight you need not doubt,
These put together and you 'll see
The best of earthly friend's to me.

HOUGHTON.

A SERPENTINE letter and little birds' food
Will shew you a lady that 's friendly and good.

SHAW.

A CHRISTIAN name,
Which is the same,
Read it strait forward or reverse,
What boys oft are
Call'd, I declare,
With a male child will end my verse.

HANNAH WILLIAMSON.

NAME a God that is said on the brave to attend,
To that add a place where some meet with their end,
The name of a person will soon then appear,
Who doth live at Bury this spring of the year.

MARSDEN.

WHAT in a surprize we often exclaim,
And the contrast to soft with a letter left out,
Will shew of a woman most worthy the name,
Whom I love, and who truly deserves it no doubt.

HOWARD.

WHAT makes a great noise with a letter left out,
And two thirds of a snare makes a name without doubt.

MILNE.

A FREE name for Charles most plainly will tell
The name of a Lady, I know very well,
But mistakes to avoid, you one letter must change,
Or else 't will seem wrong, and appear very strange.

CHORLEY.

TWO lovely sisters I the next would shew,
If you their christian names would wish to know,
One a swift animal, a T omit,
Join'd to what shews great strife and little wit,
Changing one letter, and their soon appears
The sweet companion of my infant years;
The God of battle with a letter short,
Where poets oft are said to live in sport,

Altering a letter, and omitting one,
And then the christian names of both are shewn;
The name of a boy, a letter omit,
Join three thirds of what birds build, if you think it fit,
The christian and surname you plainly will see,
Of two fine young ladies beloved by me.

HARRIET AND MARGARET JONES.

ENIGMATICAL LIST

OF

STREETS IN LIVERPOOL.

THE contrast to falshood, and the lord of the creation.

What no hill is.

The beloved disciple.

The contrast to dear, and what none are without.

The name of a town in Lancashire.

Ill temper'd and a large building.

An emblem of innocence, and a place of devotion.

Not old.

What all wish to obtain.

A large building.

A foreign city.

Food for children.

A foreign fruit.

An Engliſh county.

A man's christian name.

A trade.

A sweet and beautiful flower.

Not timid.

What joiners work upon.

What grows in gardens.

A feather'd songster.

The contrast to despair.

A city in England.

A large building, and what is often seen in the country.

An English title.

Part of a ship.

The best of women and her mother.

An ornament for a lady's watch.

A town in Yorkshire.

A holy man, and the christian name of a woman.

What a good man is called

A surname.

The chace, and to mistake, omitting a letter.

The next English title to Prince.

What is seen in churches, a vowel, and a negative, changing a letter.

A monarch.

Not young and a large building.

A great man and a serpentine letter.

Not land.

What raises the stave, omitting a letter, and what fishermen use, repeating the last letter.

A large company moving on the water.

A fish.

An excellent fruit.

A late brave admiral.

What is necessary to open a drawer.

ANSWERS

TO THE

ENIGMATICAL LIST

OF

STREETS IN LIVERPOOL.

TRUEMAN Street.

Dale Street.

John Street.

Cheapside.

Preston Street.

Crosshall Street.

White Chapel.

New Street.

Paradise Street.

Castle Street.

Brunswick Street.

Milk Street.

Orange Street.

Derby Street.
Peter Street.
Taylor Street.
Rose Street.
Bold Street.
Wood Street.
Berry Street.
Bird Street.
Hope Street.
York Street.
Castle Ditch.
Lord Street.
Cable Street.
Mary Ann Street.
Trinket Street.
Richmond Street.
St. Ann Street.
Christian Street.
Byrom Street.
Hunter Street.
Duke Street.
Fontenoy Street.

King Street.

Oldhall Street.

Princes Street.

Water Street.

Basnett Street.

Fleet Street.

Ray Street.

Plumb Street.

Vernon Street.

Key Street.

MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs. MELVILLE's SCHOOL

AND

SCHOLARS,

BY THE

AUTHORESS OF THE POEMS.

PREFACE.

TO MY DEAR GOVERNESS.

I THINK it proper, dear Madam, to address this to you, if you think it worth your notice, as it was entirely through your persuasion that I wrote it, and I hope it will meet your approbation,

Believe me, dear Mrs. MYLES,

Your affectionate Pupil,

J. H.

MEMOIRS, &c.

CHAPTER I.

SHORT ACCOUNT OF MRS. MELVILLE.

MRS. Melville had received an excellent education, and was left by her husband in easy, though not affluent circumstances: being fond of children, and not having any of her own, she undertook the education of half a dozen young ladies, whom she earnestly endeavoured to train up in virtue and politeness. She took a convenient house near town, with a fine large garden and play ground, and strove with the most unremitting attention to improve the health, morals, and happiness of her young pupils.

May each young lady such attention prove,
And gain at once esteem and lasting love.

CHARACTERS OF THE YOUNG LADIES.

Maria Smith was the oldest scholar in Mrs. Melville's house, and at the time this history commences was thirteen years old; she was tall and fair, had light brown hair, blue eyes, an engaging smile, and

an excellent heart. She was the only daughter of a respectable clergyman, and having the misfortune to lose an amiable mother, she on that account remained at school longer than she otherwise would have done.

Lovely in form, but lovelier still in mind,
May she thro' life each joy, each blessing find.

Mary Marsland was ten years old, and was a pretty looking girl; she was the daughter of a silversmith, and was sent to Mrs. Melville's at the age of seven years, and soon betrayed a peevish and fretfnl temper, and notwithstanding all the pains her good governess could take, she at the least disappointment, (and sometimes without any) gave herself such airs as made her quite disagreeable to all her schoolfellows and acquaintance.

Unhappy girl! how much in future days
You 'll wish you 'd merited esteem and praise;
But, ah! too late, for tho' no more a child,
Sorrow attends a temper that 's once spoil'd.

Betsey Roden was the daughter of a merchant; her mother was a very pious good woman, and was truly respected by all who had the pleasure of her aquaintance. Betsey was nine years old; a handsome brown girl, and remarkably good tempered; she was care-

fully instructed in every branch of education necessary for her; she loved her governess, and was obedient to her orders; she was never known to quarrel with any of her companions, but acquiesced with what ever they desired, which made her an universal favourite.

Hail, sweet good temper! thy transcendant charms
Can conquer rage, and envy's self disarms.

Arabella Shaw was eleven years old, she was not a pretty girl, but her obliging manners made her esteemed by all who knew her; she was always chearful, affable, and good humoured, and was never happier than when obliging any of her little friends; she was particularly fond of learning, and would frequently amuse and improve herself with a book when she might have been at play with her companions.

Beauty soon fades, and with it foolish love,
But sense and knowledge will with years improve.

Amelia Rigby was the daughter of a tradesman, she was five years old, and very beautiful, but naturally discontented and ill-natured, which made her despised by all the young ladies at school; when she could not spell a word easily she would tear the leaf out of her spelling-book, and though frequently admonished, and corrected by her governess, she would soon forget it, and repeat her errors.

Those parents must our tender pity claim,
Whose children make not to improve their aim.

Eliza Johnson was eight years old, the daughter of a wealthy merchant who lived in the city, and gave her an education suitable to her station in life, and who was remarkably fond of her. She was a lovely girl with dark blue eyes, chesnut hair, and a beautiful mouth, which was rendered more pleasing by an unaffected smile. Her shape was easy, and all her motions graceful, ſhe was remarkably attentive to the orders of her parents and governess, and would never repine at the little disappointments ladies of her age frequently complain of.

'Midst many good Eliza was the best,
A pattern and example for the rest.

CHAPTER II.

As I have now given you an account of the young ladies' persons and dispositions, I shall proceed to tell you their different employments, and what happened at the school. One morning Mrs. Melville entered the school room, to her great satisfaction found them all very diligenty employed, and after she had looked over their work, and corrected what she found amiss,

she produced a sentence which she wished them to express in verse. The young ladies chearfully promised to do their best, and, each laying her work aside, took pen, ink, and paper, eager to gain the approbation of their worthy governess. After a pretty long silence Miss Smith produced her poetry, which Mrs. Melville read aloud, as follows:

How many flowers doth please the sight,
How many earthly things delight,
How many beauties we behold,
More various far than can be told;
How many flowers in fields are seen,
Some of their leaves a lively green;
But all are fair and give delight,
Enchanting both the smell and sight.

When Mrs. Melville had read the above, she told Miss Smith her ideas were very good and not ill expressed, though there were some little errors, which time and practice would probably correct.——She then called Miss Mary Marsland, and desired to se what she had wrote. The young lady obeyed, an produced the following lines:

How many flowers I have seen,
How pleased have been when on the green;
Some bluebells I have oft admir'd,
Some pretty lilly of the field,

In gardens, crocuses I 've seen,
Believe me, madam, it is true,
And you may see them in the field,
If you will take a trip to day.

Indeed my dear, said Mrs. Melville, you ſtand greatly in need of inſtruction in poetry; for this performance is extremely bad. I am sorry, answered Miss Marsland, blushing at the reproof of her governess, and the laughter of her schoolfellows; indeed I am sorry I have not succeeded better, but if you will permit me, madam, I will devote some time every day to writing verse, and then I hope I shall improve, and produce some lines more worthy of your approbation.——Mrs. Melville was much pleased to hear this, and after applauding Miss Marsland's resolution, enquired if Miss Shaw had finish'd; and being answered in the affirmative, desired her to produce her lines, which were these;

From all the bowers we daily see,
From all the beauties of the tree,
From all the objects that 's around,
We may with gratitude abound,
From insects too, we may improve our mind,
Which oft give lessons to the human kind.

This is not amiss, said Mrs. Melville, but the two last lines are very long and read heavily; but by a little practice I hope you will be able to write very prettily. I hope so, dear madam, answered Miss Shaw, and will take great pains to merit your praise. ——Miss Johnson then advanced timidly, and with her colour a little heightened by modesty, gave Mrs. Melville the following lines:

Dear madam believe,
For I ne'er will deceive
You or any acquaintance I know;
I 'll always be true
To my parents and you,
And will speak e'en the truth to a foe.

Pretty well, said Mrs. Melville, but I know your genius, and am sure you may improve with a little application.——Miss Roden have you finish'd? Yes ma'am, but I am so fearful I dare hardly shew you what I have writ. Am I then, said Mrs. Melville, so severe? By no means dear madam, you are all goodness, but I am conscious of my own defects. Mrs. Melville smiled and read the lines below:

Every garden, every grove,
Now resounds with notes of love,
Every bird salutes the day,
And gladly see the rising morn.

Bless me, my dear, said Mrs. Melville, how can you suppose morn and day rhymes? Why indeed ma'am I can do no better, I wish I could. Yes you can indeed, and must try.——As to you Miss Rigby you are too young to expect poetry, when you are a big girl we shall see what you can do. Why ma'am, said little Amelia, standing on her tip toes, am I not a big girl now, only look at me? And though I cannot write, I have made two lines, if you please to hear them. With great pleasure my little dear; pray begin? Yes ma'am,

The little birds begin to build a nest,
And bird nesting, I like the best.

Pretty well my dear, considering your age. You have all been very good indeed; and now young ladies you are at liberty to play for an hour, at which time I shall ring the bell for you to return, and I hope you will all obey its orders. The young ladies then curtsied, and left the room, to go and play for an hour, which they did very happily.

Sweet innocence their actions guide,
From virtue's path ne'er go aside.

CHAPTER III.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the young ladies assembled together in the school room, and Mrs. Melville praised them very much for their attention, and being so punctual to the time appointed; and added, that she hoped they would be very attentive and diligent during the school hours, and do as she bid them, for after tea she intended to take a walk, and that they should accompany her if they behaved well. She then desired them to take their seats. Mrs. Melville called Miss Smith, and desired her to bring her book and read; which she did. After she had finished reading Mrs. Melville desired her to bring her embroidery, to see how she was working it. When she had brought it, and Mrs. Melville had looked at it, she said it was very prettily worked, but the ground was not well shaded; she therefore desired her to take out a few stitches, and then bring it to her again. Mrs. Melville then desired Miss Johnson to bring her tambour. I hope madam, said she, it will merit your approbation. It is very neat indeed my dear, said Mrs. Melville. I am very happy madam, replied Miss Johnson. Well now my dear, replied Mrs. Melville, you will take your seat, and I hope you will be very attentive.

Come, Miss Rigby, and let me see what you are doing. She then brought her sewing to Mrs. Melville, who reproved her, and said, why Amelia do look at these stitches; indeed, my dear, it must come out, therefore go and sit down and unrip it, and if you work any more in that manner, I shall really be very angry with you. Miss Amelia began to cry, and said she could not do it better. If you cry, said Mrs. Melville, and say you cannot do it better, I shall think you are a very naughty girl, and instead of taking a walk after tea, as I proposed, you shall stay at home to finish your work, and be in a room by yourself, and not be admitted to play with your companions: So now Miss you had better sit down and try to finish it, and do it neat, or I certainly will punish you after this reproof. Miss Amelia sat down, but with a very disconcerted countenance. Mrs. Melville then desired to know what Miss Roden was working; after she had examined it, she said, you work very well, and are a very good child. Now, my dear Miss Marsland, let me look at your work; you have done it very well, and therefore, as a reward, you shall take a walk after tea with the rest of the good young ladies. Miss Shaw, let me look at your work, my dear? Yes ma'am. Come then, this is not worked so well as it might have been, but however, for this time I shall let it pass, but you must strive to do the next better.

Yes madam, said Miss Shaw, I hope I shall; I am sure I will strive to merit your praise: At that instant the clock struck five, and the young ladies retired to tea.

CHAPTER IV.

After tea the young ladies put on their hats and tippets, and took a walk as far as the park, with their kind governess, who, though Miss Amelia had not finished her task, Mrs. Melville had the goodness to forgive her, and to let her take a walk with the young ladies, but said, that if ever she was guilty of the same fault, she should not overlook it, as she had done then. The young ladies then set out, attended by a faithful little dog, that was a great favourite of Mrs. Melville's, who lived in the house, and was often in the parlour or school room; for wherever Mrs. Melville was, you were sure to find the little dog not far off. After a very pleasant walk the young ladies returned, not in the least fatigued, but all chearful and happy. They carefully laid by their bonnets in a band box, and their tippets and mits in their drawers and then came down stairs and seated themselves in the parlour, where they had the following conversation with their governess:

Maria S. Pray Madam what do you think of the walk which we have had?

Governess. It was a very pleasant one I think my dear.

Mary M. So do I think Madam.

Betsey R. O but did not you observe the flowers how beautiful they were?

Arabella S. O yes; but now did not you take notice how the little dog jumpped about when we were in the park, and how happy he was?

Amelia R. O yes, I observed him, and it made me very happy to see him so.

Governess. I am very much pleased with you my dear for what you have said; ever cherish in your breast humanity, and be moved by the sufferings of the poor; for always consider that they are your fellow creatures, and have feeling as well as you. And with regard to the brute creation I would always have you to use them with tenderness, for though they are not our fellow creatures, God sent them for our use, yet at the same time he did not mean them to be treated harshly, but with kindness, which I hope, my dear girls, you will always observe and practise.

Arabella S. Yes madam, I am sure I shall, and can answer for my companions that they will do the same.

The governess then observed that the clock had struck eight, and it was time for them to go to bed. The young ladies then knelt down, and said their prayers. After this was over they rose, kissed their governess, curtsied, and then retired to bed.

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning at six o'clock the young ladies arose, drest themselves, washed their hands and face, and combed out their hair, said their prayers, and came down to their governess, who was very happy to see them. She gave them leave to go and take a walk in the garden till seven, at which time she desired they would return to breakfast. They then went into the garden and sat down in the alcove, where they had the following conversation.

Eliza J. My dear Maria, what do you intend to do to day?

Maria S. I intend to work a little tambour; what do you mean to do?

Eliza J. I shall write a little poetry.

Betsey R. Do you recollect what a nice lady we met yesterday?

Arabella S. O yes, very well; she was a charming lady indeed.

Eliza J. And what a graceful manner, and pretty behaviour: how modest she looked.

Maria S. Do you think, Amelia, that my governess observed her?

Amelia R. Indeed, Maria, I cannot say whether she did or not.

Mary M. Indeed she was a charming lady; I wonder where she was going?

Eliza J. I cannot tell I am sure; but come, enough about the young lady. Let us talk about something else.

Besty R. Whatever you please Eliza.

Eliza J. Well then we will talk about flowers.

Betsy R. Agreed.

Amelia R. I admire the rose, it is so sweet, and of such a beautiful colour.

Betsy R. And so do I dear Amelia.

Eliza. J. Now I admire jessamines and violets.

Betsy. R. To be sure they are both sweet and pretty, but still you must confess the rose is beautiful.

Eliza J. O yes, certainly that I won't dispute.

Betsy R. Well indeed, Eliza, you are certainly very kind.

Arrabella S. Now I admire the pinks and primroses; for the pink is a sweet flower, and the primrose a very innocent one you must all own.

Amelia R. We all agree to that.

Mary M. Hush! I certainly hear the bell for breakfast. The young ladies obeyed its summons, and retired.

CHAPTER VI.

After breakfast the young ladies took a walk in the garden for an hour, and then went into the school room, where they were all very diligent, and attentive to their different employments. Miss Johnson brought a piece of poetry of her own making which pleased her governess, and was as follows:

Books are pleasing to the mind,
In them we oft instruction find,
Some of entertainment full,
Others dry and very dull.

After Mrs. Melville had read this she desired Miss Johnson to bring her work, which she did. Mrs. Melville found fault with her, and said she must do the next better, or else she should not be allowed to play at noon.——Come Amelia, let me hear you read? What book shall I bring ma'am? Any one of your little books. She then brought the first volume of the Children's Friend, and read the story of Arthur. When she had finished, Mrs. Melville asked her how she liked it. She said, she thought it was a very pretty story.

Governess. Would you have acted the part of Arthur if you had been in his situation?

Amelia R. Indeed I don't know ma'am.

Governess. I think he was an excellent child? what do you think Amelia?

Amelia S. I think he was a very good boy ma'am.

Governess. Then you think right my dear, for he certainly was.

Amelia R. If you will permit me, madam, I will get the second volume, and read the story of Matilda.

Governess. O no, my dear, you must read the first volume, and then you shall read the second; but you must not go from one book to another, you must read one first and then the other.——Now Miss Shaw let me hear you read. Yes ma'am, I will come presently. What book have you brought to read? The Theatre of Education, ma'am. And what piece are you going to read? The spoiled child, ma'am. You admire it, and think it a pretty piece, do you? Yes ma'am, I think it is a very pretty piece. Well then, let me hear you read it? Miss Shaw then began, and when she had finished, Mrs. Melville said she read very prettily. Now my dear, said she, let me see your work? Which she did. When the governess had looked at it she said, indeed Miss you do not work so neat as I could wish, but I hope you will strive to do better.

Come Miss Marsland bring your spelling book, and let me hear you spell? Do you think you can say the task I set you to learn?

Mary M. Indeed I do not no ma'am.

Governess. But you must try my dear; you know you must not neglect your spelling above all things. Now try to spell the word humble?

Mary M. H m b l e.

Governess. H m b l e for humble; my dear did you ever hear such a word? Can you tell what it would spell? Come now try again?

Mary M. H u m b e l.

Amelia R. That is not the way to spell humble, I am sure.

Governess. Hold your tongue, Miss Chatterbox, I did not ask you to tell her how to spell it, neither could you, I am sure.

Amelia R. O yes ma'am, but I am sure I could, if you will give me leave.

Governess. Let me hear you then, and if you spell it wrong, as I expect you will, you shall stand behind the door for half an hour for your impertinence.

Amelia R. O ma'am, I am not afraid of that, only hear; U m b i l, there ma'am.

Governess. There ma'am, indeed I don't know whether your folly or presumption is greatest; I have

a pretty little thing here that is called a fool's cap, come hither and let me see if it will fit you. Why don't you come? Amelia cryed, but would not come till her Governess very angrily insisted on it, or she would send her to bed. After the cap was put on, Mrs. Melville bid her go behind the door, and recollect h u m b l e spells humble, and not only to remember how to spell it, but to become humble, and not think herself so very clever as to correct others. Poor Amelia sobbed and turned sulkily from her, and the other ladies continued their spelling. When the school hours were over Mrs. Melville thus addressed Amelia; well my young friend what do you think of spelling humble; are you sorry you was so impertinent.

Amela R. I do not think I was impertinent.

Governess. No; what do you think of yourself then, do you think Miss Marsland was sent here for you to teach her to spell? what business had you to interfere?

Amelia R. I did it out of good nature, ma'am, because I thought Miss Marsland could not spell it, and I could; so I thought I would tell her.

Governess. That is a little fib, I believe; good nature was not your motive, on the contrary, you were vain enough to wish to shew Miss Marsland how much you could excel her in spelling. You are very young, so I forgive you this time, but the next time I see such self conceit in you, I shall punish you with

with great severity; so saying she took off the the fool's cap, and dismissed her pupils till the dinner bell rung.

CHAPTER VII.

THE young ladies were prevented from taking a walk this afternoon, by the arrival of a messenger to Miss Johnson, who brought her a large basket of peaches, from a lady who lived a few miles from the school, and who was an intimate friend of her mother's. She had no sooner received them than she ran to Mrs. Melville, and begged her acceptance of the two finest peaches. Mrs. Melville affectionately thanked her, but declined accepting the fruit, as she said it would give her more pleasure to see her eat them herself: but Miss Johnson pressed her so much, that at last Mrs. Melville took one. The good girl then ran into the garden to find her school fellows. She soon found them, told them what she had got, and desired that they would be seated in the summer house, and she would come to them presently; and soon returned with part of her present laid on a nice china dish. She first handed the peaches to Miss Smith, who civilly thanked her, and took the peach next to her hand. Miss Shaw and Miss Roden did the same; but Miss Marsland took up first one peach, then another,

wishing to get the largest, till little Amelia, out of all patience, cryed out, do Miss Marsland choose, that I may get a peach? You a peach? O yes! said Miss Marsland, such littte mortals as you have no business with peaches.

Amelia R. Indeed I should never have thought of that. Little and little, and nothing but little, I would have you know I am growing bigger every day; and whilst I am so little I ought to be humoured Miss; and if Miss Johnson was good, she would have offered me the first choice, or indeed I think I should have two peaches.

Mary M. I dare say you should, child; but if you have two I will have three. Miss Smith said you will please ladies to recollect the peaches are Miss Johnson's, and I think she is very good to give you any; your governess would be very angry if she knew of your behaviour.

Amelia R. What, I suppose you mean to go and tell her; I am sure you are very welcome, if you please.

Mary M. Ah! that 's right, what business had Miss Smith to take upon her to be governess: a meddling thing.

Amelia R. But come we are losing time, and I want to have a peach, and will have one, let Miss Smith say what she likes. Give me that Miss Marsland? It is nicer than mine.

Mary M. I dare say I shall Miss; you are very good.

Amelia R. But I will have it.

Mary M. Reach it then, you little creature; (*holding it up.*)

At last they fell to fighting, and would have injured one another, had not Mrs. Melville put an end to it, by coming to them in the summer house. She found Amelia with a lock of Miss Marsland's hair in her hand, and Miss Mary with a piece of Amelia's frock in hers. It is impossible to describe how much it hurt their governess, to find them in such a state. After enquiring the cause of Miss Smith, she took the peaches from them, gave them a severe reprimand, and sent them to bed, were they were to lie till the next morning, and to live on bread and water.

The young ladies then went into the school room, and, as the next day was Sunday, they fetched their tuckers, put them in their frocks, and some of them altered the trimming of their bonnets.

CHAPTER VIII.

SUNDAY was a busy morning. Miss Mary and Miss Amelia promising amendment, was freely pardoned by their kind governess. They then went to dress themselves, and soon came down into the school room.

Four of them came down very neat, but poor Amelia and Mary were sad figures indeed: for Mary, not observing it, came down with most of the lace off her tippet, and a great hole in her stocking. Amelia was not much better, for her gloves were all torn, and her delicate pink sash all stained with orange juice and blackberries. The Governess gave them a good scolding, and sent them up stairs to put on another dress. This delayed them a great while, but at last they came down very neat, and set off to church, where they behaved very well; but during the sermon, which was rather long, Amelia was found nodding; but on account of her youth, Mrs. Melville pretended not to see, but her head falling very low, she gave her nose such a violent blow against Miss Mary's fan, as to wake her, and bring tears into her eyes, and made her exclaim, (not recollecting where she was) be quiet Miss, or I will tell my Governess. The young ladies laughed, and even Mrs. Melville smiled, but as they returned home, poor Amelia got a reprimand, and promised more attention in future. In the afternoon they went to church again, and Amelia, willing to shew how good she was, stared as wide as possible, lest her eyes should play her a trick again. As they returned home from church, they met a poor woman, with two children; when Miss Marsland exclaimed, nasty creatures! they make me sick to look at them. And me too, cryed

Amelia. There's a fine dirty frock for a Sunday, and all full of holes. Oh fy! Ladies! Said Mrs Melville, is that the pity you have for distress. Where do you come from poor woman? I am a soldier's wife, Madam, am going to see my friends, but having no money, I am obliged to beg. The young ladies then made a collection, and, with what the governess gave they raised a shilling, which they gave to the poor woman, who thanked her benefactors, and went away with a grateful heart.

CHAPTER IX.

This morning the young ladies assembled together at ten o'clock, when they were seated and had began their work, a messenger was announced, who had brought a basket of nuts for Miss Marsland. When she had received them, she out of complisance brought them to Mrs. Melville, who thanked her, and accepted a few. Miss Marsland then carried the basket into her room, and took some of them every day, but never offered any of them to her companions. But however, one day she was called down to her governess, and desired to come immediately, which she did; but being in so great a hurry, she left her basket in the room without having locked the door, (which she generally

did since the nuts came, lest any of her companions should find them) while she was with her governess, Amelia happened to come up stairs, and to go into Miss Marsland's room, where she found the basket of nuts. She was so much rejoiced at it, that she determined to eat some of them, and with that resolution, she sat down and began to crack and eat them as fast as she could. When she had eat as many as she thought proper, she ran and told her companions, who soon came up stairs with her, and every one began to eat as fast as they could. They then went into the school room, as if nothing of the kind had happened. After the school hours Miss Marsland went up stairs to eat some of her nuts; but how great was her rage, when she found very few left. She came down stairs in such a passion as is not in my power to describe; she ran in to the garden to find her school fellows, which she did in the summer house, where she sat down and addressed them in the following manner: Which of you young ladies have dared to go into my room and there eat my nuts in so shameful a manner; I assure you if ever you do so again I will inform Mrs. Melville, whom I hope will punish you severely.

Amelia R. If you had given us some when they came, we should not have eat one when we had found your basket; but you was so stingy and ill natured, that we determined to eat them if ever we found them.

Mary M. Now Miss, for your impudence, and calling me stingy, I will go and tell Mrs. Melville. And away she ran. The young ladies remained looking at each other in silent terror, and heartily wishing they had never touched the fatal nuts. They were however soon rouzed by a servant coming to tell them their governess wanted them in the parlour. Down they crept, and found Mary in tears, and Mrs. Melville, with a very serious air, desired to know who had stolen Miss Marsland's nuts.

Stolen, Madam! Oh Heavens! said Miss Johnson.

Governess. Yes stolen! what else do you call taking what belongs to another? What is the difference between taking Miss Marsland's frock or her nuts? Are they not equally her property? But, come, let me know the particulars of this business Miss Smith? I could not have believed you would have been guilty of such meanness; you are old enough to know the dreadful consequence of indulging a wish for another's property. Are you not particularly cautioned, "Not to covet or desire another's goods." Oh fye! fye! I am quite ashamed such a thing should happen in my house.

Miss S. Indeed ma'am I am so much hurt by your just reproof, and ashamed of my own fault, that

I am quite at a loss what to say; if you can forgive me I will rather die than do such a thing again.

Miss M. That won't give me back my nuts.

Governess. Hold your tongue Miſs; I am judge here, not you. Well Miss Smith I rejoice to find you so penitent; I forgive you, but it will be some time before you are perfectly restored to my confidence and esteem. Miss Johnson what have you to say about this robbery?

Eliza J. (Sobbing) Dear—dear—madam—forgive me—but forgive me—try me—and believe me—that nothing on earth shall ever tempt me to do such a thing, and if Miss Marsland will please to accept my doll's best bonnet in stead of the nuts she will oblige me.

Mary M. How much did it cost? what is it worth? My nuts were very nice and you eat a great many. Tell me how the bonnet is trimmed?

Eliza J. It is a pink one, trimmed with white, and two brown feathers, and I dare to say cost a shilling least.

Mary M. Well I will take it to oblige you, but you were very impudent to steal my nuts.

Governess. You know how to make a good bargain Miss Marsland. Miss Johnson could not eat a shilling's worth.

Mary M. O Ma'am, I dare say she eat half a crown's worth, if not more.

Governess. Child there was not half a crown's worth at first, and you have been greedily devouring them these four days in private.

Mary M. I am sure there was a great basket full, and I have not above twenty left.

The governess called Miss Shaw next, without taking any notice of what Miss Mary said, and asked her how she came to be guilty of so great a fault.

Arabella S. Indeed madam I am very sorry that I have been guilty of taking her nuts, but if you will forgive me I will not do such a thing again upon any account.

Governess. I forgive you.——Miss Roden what have you to say in your defence?

Betsey R. I own I have been very naughty but I will never do so again.

Mary M. I should not trust any of you, and all your sorrow does not give me my nuts.

Governess. Pray Miss Marsland give me leave to speak. Amelia, leave crying and let me hear what you have to say.

Amelia R. Indeed ma'am I am very sorry for having eaten any of the nuts, but I cannot help saying, madam, that Miss Marsland was very imperti-

nent and ill natured to bring us before you like so many criminals.

Mary M. Criminals; you are every one of you criminals. Do you know I could hang you all, and I have a great mind to do it? I am sure you deserve it for eating all my nice nuts.

Governess. Pray Miss Marsland don't be so violent. I am sorry Amelia to see you so impertinent, I desire that you will ask Miss Marsland's pardon.

Amelia R. I cannot submit to that madam, but if you please I am very willing to ask your pardon, and hope your will have the goodness to forgive me.

Governess. The nuts were not mine; ask Miss Marsland's pardon?

Amelia R. Indeed I won't; you did not bid the other young ladies to ask Miss Mary's pardon, but yours, and you forgave them.

Governess. Because they were none of them so impertinent as you are. You shall ask Miss Marsland's pardon.

Mary M. Yes, Yes, ask my pardon directly.

Amelia R. I won't.

Mary M. But you shall.

Amelia R. I will not if I die for it.

Mary M. You shall you little nut stealer.

Amelia R. I won't Miss Saucebox.

Mary M. Then I'll give you a good slap on the face.

Governess. Hey day! ladies! Pray which of you are governess? I never heard such impertinence in my life. Amelia since you asked my pardon, and Miss Marsland has been so very saucy you shall not make any farther apology to her, and I hope this will be the last time you will be so naughty. As to you Miss Marsland, though it was certainly very wrong to take your nuts, it was your own fault, for I am certain had you given each of these young ladies a few when they first came, they would never have touched them afterwards. I am sorry to see you so covetous; it now makes you ridiculous, and the older you grow the more it will make you despised. I would have you all study oeconomy, but you may at the same time be good natured and willing to share your superfluities with others. Now ladies let this matter drop; for ever be friends, and go into the garden for an hour; only remember that to be happy you must be good, and if you wish others to oblige you, be obliging yourselves.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. Melville had the pleasure to see them enter the school room in a very friendly manner; the nuts seemed to be forgot, and every face wore a smile. After they had been seated some time in silence, Amelia cried, O ma'am I have made a piece of poetry, if you will please to hear it.

Governess. With great pleasure my dear. What is the subject?

Amelia R. About the pigeons ma'am.

The little doves do fly about,
And make a rout,
O what a pretty noise they make,
O how they coo,
I wishes I could do so too.

Governess. Very well indeed my dear for your age, but you must never say I wishes, but I wish; not I thinks, but I think; not I believes, but I believe. I frequently remind you of this, and must beg you all to attend, otherwise you will appear very ridiculous and low bred, and I shall be supposed wanting in my duty, in not giving you better instructions. I hope my dears you are diligent; remember the holidays are drawing near, and I hope you will all take home something that will be both for your own credit and mine.——Come Miss Smith let me see your print

work? This tree is very neat, but the cottage is very heavy; it must be cut out, and not worked half so thick. Miss Smith snatched the piece out of her governess' hand, and went to her seat without making a curtsey; when Mrs. Melville called her back. Pray Miss, what's the meaning of this disrespectful behaviour? Do you think it is for your own good or mine that I wish you to excel in every thing? You are a good girl, but must try to conquer this little petulence, for if it grows with you, you will be unhappy, and make your friends so.

Miss Johnson let me see your embroidery. Very well indeed, you improve very fast.

Miss Roden bring your tambour? Bless me child you have made a thousand holes. This frock will never be fit to put on, do learn to draw your needle up without catching.

Miss Marsland how goes on your map? Very neat, my dear, you have done it very quick, which is the beauty of all work, it keeps it clean.

Miss Shaw what flower are you making.

Arabella S. A Rose ma'am.

Governess. A rose do you call this; a rose, why it is more like a bunch of nettles, but for being pink instead of green; make me to know that it is not a nettle, take and cut it to pieces and do it better.

Miss Rigby what are you doing?

Amelia R. Hemming a pocket handkerchief ma'am.

Governess. Bring it here my dear child? What a hem! part of it as narrow as a whip, the other like a broad hem for mourning.

Amelia R. I can do no better.

Governess. Can't you, then we must try to make you do better, and to be less saucy.

Amelia R. I am not saucy ma'am, I think; but indeed I don't know how to keep the hem straight.

Governess. Then I will baste it down for you.

Amelia R. Thank you ma'am.

The rest of the afternoon they were very good, and after school hours were over, and they had taken a walk with Mrs. Melville, they supped, and went early to bed.

CHAPTER XI.

THE holidays now drawing near, Miss Smith proposed to her school fellows that they should each make a few lines in verse, by way of taking leave of Mrs. Melville. This they all readily agreed to, and Miss Smith then informed them she had already finished hers. All crouded eagerly round her, and desired to hear it; to which she readily agreed and read as follows:

The holidays at length draw near,
When I shall see my father dear,
Great joy indeed at this I feel,
More than my language can reveal;
And yet I feel a pain at heart,
From my lov'd governess to part.
In whom, at once, I joy to find
A teacher wise, and mother kind.
'Till I return again to you,
I wish you health, and so adieu.

The young ladies said it was very pretty and wished that they might make theirs as well. They then sat down, and began to compose. Miss Johnson brought hers to Miss Smith, (for they did not intend to let Mrs. Melville know until they had done them, and then to bring them to her when they were written fairly out on a nice piece of paper.)

Miss Johnson's was as follows;

Dear madam I from you must part,
Which makes me sorry at my heart,
But then I think I 'm going home
And in a month to you must come.
When I behold my parents dear,
Shew them my work, and without fear
Tell them I love you truly well,
Was sorry when I bid farewell;

When they with open arms me meet,
O I shall run with swiftest feet,
And in my joy shall think of you,
To you always I will prove true.

Miss Smith said it was very pretty, and she liked it very well.

Miss Shaw brought hers, which was as follows;

Dear governess I wish you well,
How shall I bear to bid farewell,
Indeed 'tis true 'twill grieve my heart,
From you, dear madam, for to part.

Miss Johnson and Miss Smith said they liked it very well.

Miss Roden said, will you look at my piece Miss Smith?

Maria S. Certainly I shall be very happy to see it.

Miss Roden then shewed it to Miss Smith, which was as follows.

The time when I go home draws near,
When I shall see my parents dear,
I wish you peace while I 'm away,
May blessings crown you every day.

Very pretty indeed, said Miss Smith.

Miss Marsland then brought her piece, which was as follows;

To you dear madam I 'll prove true,
And every day shall think on you;

May peace in your fair bosom dwell,
You whom I wish sincerely well.

I admire that very much indeed Miss Mary, and think it is very pretty.

Amelia have you wrote any thing?

Amelia R. O yes.

Amelia's was as follows;

Good by, dear governess,
I don't love you the less
Because you scold me;
You say it is for my good
So I 'll take it in good part.
You shall always share my love
And to you I will constant prove.

Miss Smith did not say much to this performance.

The young ladies then sat down and wrote them on a fine piece of paper, which the next day they gave to their governess, who was highly delighted, and praised them very much, and said she thanked them for their kind wishes, and she loved them all very dearly.

The young ladies were now very busy in finishing their work against the approaching holidays. Mrs. Melville desired to see Miss Johnson's embroidery. O my dear, said she, how bad you are working it; you must really cut some of it out. Miss Johnson then sat down and cut it out.

Come Amelia, let me see how you are hemming your handkerchief?

Amelia R. Yes ma'am.

Governess. You hem a deal better, my dear, than you did before, which I am very happy to see. You will now sit down and finish it before tea.

Amelia R. Yes ma'am I will try.

Governess. Come Miss Marsland let me look at your map, my dear? You work it extremely neat indeed, and have nearly finished. I see you will have it ready to take home with you.

Now Miss Smith let me look at your print work? You are working it a deal better, my dear. It is very neat indeed.

Miss Roden bring your work? Well my dear, I think you do not tear the muslin near so much as you did. Work it very neat.

Come Miss Shaw, and let me look at your flowers? You have made the rose a deal better, and I think it will do very well.

Come young ladies and let me hear you spell. They then brought their books, and stood round Mrs. Melville, who began with the oldest, and heard them spell according to their ages; As they were a class, and all spelt together. I dare to say, you have seen at schools the young ladies spell in different classes; the little ones in a class by themselves, and those who

were older by themselves; but as there was only half a dozen at Mrs. Melville's, they spelt in a class together.

Now Miss Smith let me hear you spell the word organ?

Maria S. O r g a n.

Governess. Very well now.

Miss Johnson you will please to spell the word patent?

Eliza J. P a t a n t.

Governess. O fye! Miss Johnson; dont you know how to spell patent? O fye? I should not have thought it.

Come Amelia do you spell patent?

Amelia R. P a t e n t.

Governess. You are a very good girl now. Miss Johnson are you not ashamed of yourself? When I heard you spell it in that manner, I was determined to shame you, by asking Amelia to spell it, which she did like a good girl.

Miss Roden you will please to spell the word defford?

Betsey R. D e f f o r d.

Governess. That's a good girl now. Miss Marsland spell the word turk?

Mary M. T o r k.

Governess. T o r k for turk; pray Mary spell it again?

Mary M. T u r k.

Governess. There's a good girl, why could not you

have spelled it so at first? Come Miss Shaw, let me hear you spell melon?

Arabella S. M e l o n.

That's a good girl. She heard them spell a little more, and then desired that they would take their seats and settle to work. Mrs. Melville seeing Miss Johnson in tears called her, and said, ever since you have come to my school, I have not had the least occasion to find fault with you, but this afternoon hearing you spell patent in the manner you did, I thought it my duty to correct you, and it was out of love that I did so. What do you think the young ladies would say if I did not correct you when you was in fault? It would have created uneasiness and jealousy. They would have said, and justly too, when we had done any thing wrong Mrs. Melville corrected us, but now Miss Johnson did not spell well, and my governess did not take the least notice; but if it had been any of us she would not have let it pass unnoticed, but would have scolded us for it: Therefore, you see, my dear, that I did what was right. So my love I hope you will make yourself easy now, as I have given you my reasons, and be assured of my forgiveness. Miss Johnson then thanked Mrs. Melville for her kindness, and sat down to her work with a chearful countenance, being assured of her governess's forgiveness.

CHAPTER XII.

THIS day the young ladies finished their different pieces of work, and Mrs. Melville was very busily employed in writing letters to London, for glass, and gold frames, for Miss Marsland's map, Miss Johnson's embroidery, and Miss Smith's piece of print work, which pieces were done very neat indeed, and truly deserving of a gold frame. In about a week the glass and frames came down from London. The glass was very good, and the frames truly elegant. A man was sent for to put the pieces in the frames, which he did. Mrs. Melville then hung them up in the parlour 'till the young ladies went home, where they were admired by many people who called to see Mrs. Melville. The governess then desired the young ladies to bring their boxes, to have them looked over, that their clothes might not go home with holes in, but all be whole, neat, and clean.

Miss Smith's box was looked over first, where every thing was found in great order, and very neat. Miss Johnson's box was found in the same order, for which her governess praised her very much. Little Amelia's box was then looked over; her governess did not expect to find hers in order, because she was so young, but it was found in greater order than could be expected; there was only a few pair of stockings that had holes in, every thing else was whole and clean, for

which her governess praised her, and said, that she was a very good girl, and hoped she should find Miss Marsland's box in as great order. She then called Mary, and desired that she would bring her box to be looked over, which she did; all was found in order, except some of her frocks, which wanted mending. Mrs. Melville then laid the frocks out for Miss Marsland to mend. After the clothes were looked over and the box carried up stairs, Miss Mary sat down, and began to mend her frocks, which she did very neatly. They were then sent to the washer woman, with a caution to do them very nice. Miss Shaw's box was next looked over; none of hers wanted repairing, but a few pair of mits and gloves, which were unsowed, Miss Shaw then sat down and mended them very neatly. Miss Roden's box was then looked over; some of her stockings wanted mending, which Mrs. Melville laid out intending her to mend them herself. The young ladies' boxes were then carried up stairs by the servant, who placed them in their different apartments. The ladies were then allowed to take a walk in the garden, where they all went happy in the thought that in a little time they would go home to their parents.

CHAPTER XIII.

THIS day the barber was sent for to curl the young ladies' hair; they in general curled it themselves, but Mrs. Melville had a great desire that their hair should be very nice, therefore had ordered the hairdresser to be sent for. Miss Smith sat down, and had hers done first, which looked very smart indeed. After hers was finished Miss Johnson sat down to have hers curled. Miss Shaw next sat down and had hers done very nice. Miss Roden then sat down while the hairdresser curled hers, which he did very prettily. Miss Marsland next took the chair. When hers was finished little Amelia came to have her hair curled; she did not sit down as the other's did, but stood all the while, as she was too little to sit. After the hairdresser was gone, Mrs. Melville indulged the young ladies with dining in the parlour with her, which was a treat to them.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER dinner the young ladies took a walk to the park, accompanied by their worthy governess, who was always willing to make them happy, chearful,

and comfortable, and was never more pleased and delighted than when she saw them all happy. The young ladies when in the park innocently amused themselves with playing at ball, running after each other, hiding themselves behind the trees, looking for grasshoppers, and when they found any, after admiring them, put them carefully into the grass again. Amelia gathered as many different coloured flowers as she could, and then amused herself in tying them in a wreath, which she placed on her head, and looked very pretty. In their walk they saw a pretty little lamb, who had fallen into a ditch, and had not strength to get out, whilst the poor mother stood bleating by the ditch side in the utmost distress. O dear! Ladies! said Miss Johnson, how can we help this pretty innocent creature? The rest ran to look at it, and Miss Shaw proposed herself and Miss Johnson getting into the ditch, which though deep, appeared pretty dry, and lifting it to the rest, who were to stand on the edge of the ditch, and pull the lamb out. Miss Johnson and Miss Shaw instantly jumped in, but found themselves very disagreeably situated, for, the ditch was so soft, they sunk above their shoes in clay and mud; however their humanity conquered every selfish feelings, and they, after many efforts, raised the poor lamb, and set it on the grass. But still another difficulty remained; for after the lamb

was got safe out, and put in the field, the young ladies' feet stuck in the mud so very fast, that they remained motionless, looking at each other for a great while; at last they endeavoured to pull one foot out, but when one was clear out, the other was so very deep in, that nothing could be done, but to fetch some one to help them. This Miss Shaw would not allow, lest their governess should find them in that trim; therefore, said she would thank Miss Marsland to reach her hand, and give her a good pull, which she hoped would bring her out, and that if Miss Smith would be so kind as to give Miss Johnson a pull, she hoped they would, by those means, get clear out of the ditch. Miss Smith then laid hold of Miss Johnson's hand, and Miss Marsland of Miss Shaw's, and they were both got out by those means; but such figures sure were never beheld; Miss Shaw's frock was a white one, but when she was out of the ditch, you could scarcely tell whether it was white or black, it was covered so thick with mud and dirt. Her handsome green shoes were no longer the same colour, but turned into black, her purple mits were all covered with mire, and her pink sash corresponded with the rest of her dress, which though clean before, was now as dirty as dirt could make them. Miss Johnson was as bad as Miss Shaw. Her frock was a striped one, but was so covered with mire, that it

was impossible to discern the stripes. Her handsome red shoes were all covered with mud and dirt; her straw coloured gloves and sash, dirtied in the same manner; and her white stockings quite turned black. Such were the young ladies when out of the ditch, they durst not let their governess see them till they were clean. But, however, Mrs. Melville coming to find them, that they might return home, found Miss Shaw and Miss Johnson in the manner I have described. After looking at them some time in silent astonishment, she exclaimed, Bless me children! Where have you been? Never since you came to my school have I seen you so dirty; you have been in some ditch or other I dare say. Come now tell me the truth? Miss Shaw and Miss Johnson then told their governess candidly what had happened, who, as soon as she had heard the cause, freely forgave them, for having dirtied their clothes, promising them at the same time, as soon as they arrived home, they should be taken off and sent to the washerwoman, that they might be clean, to take home with them. Miss Shaw and Miss Johnson thanked their governess for her kindness. Mrs. Melville then praised them for their humanity, told them that they were very good children, and she loved them dearly for it. She then sent for a coach to convey Miss Shaw and Miss Johnson home. The other ladies wished to ride, and Mrs.

Melville promised them that they should in a few minutes. The coach arrived at the park. After the coachman had stared sufficiently at the young ladies, he opened the door, and they all got in, with Mrs. Melville with them. In a short time they came to their governess's house, the door was opened, and the young ladies got out and went into the hall. The coachman was paid and away he drove to the stand.

CHAPTER XV.

After the young ladies' clothes were come from the washerwoman, Mrs. Melville thought proper to be packing up the boxes, and getting every thing in readiness, against the coach came, which was expected in a few days. The young ladies were busy in fetching their clothes down, and putting them straight in their boxes, whilst the servants were running backwards and forwards for cord to tie them with, and Mrs. Melville in a morning dress giving orders how they were to be done. Next morning the governess was very much engaged in dressing the young ladies, as the coach was to come in the afternoon; It was rather sooner than they expected. Miss Smith had on a pink silk petticoat worked with muslin work, white stockings, red shoes, pink satin bonnet, white gloves,

with pink glove ties, and pink silk tippet. Miss Johnson had on a blue silk petticoat, spotted muslin frock, white stockings, straw coloured shoes, straw coloured sash, gloves, bonnet, and tippet. Her bonnet was trimmed with blue ribbon, and to her gloves she wore blue glove ties. Miss Shaw had on a white petticoat, white stockings, straw coloured shoes, straw coloured dress, lilac bonnet, trimmed with white, lilac gloves with straw coloured glove ties: round her waist she wore a lilac girdle, with silver clasps; and a very handsome lilac tippet completed her dress. Miss Roden had on a white silk petticoat, stripped muslin frock, white cotton stockings, white satin shoes, white gloves, bonnet, tippet, and sash. Miss Marsland had on white stockings, lilac shoes, lilac silk petticoat, muslin frock, lilac sash, tippet, bonnet, and gloves. Little Amelia had on white stockings, red shoes with silver clasps, white petticoat, muslin frock, yellow sash, tippet, bonnet, and gloves, with red glove ties. After the young ladies were dressed, they went down into the parlour with their governess, where they conversed with her for an hour, and then the servant brought a little tart for each of them, and a cup of milk. When they had finished, the servant cleared the table, and the young ladies took a walk in the garden with Mrs. Melville.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE young ladies were soon called out of the garden by a servant who informed them that the coach was at the door. Every little heart fluttered with joy. They came immediately out of the garden, and ran up stairs to adjust their dress, and all came down in a few minutes, very smart indeed. They then sat down in the parlour with their governess, whilst the servants were busy putting their trunks in the coach, and fastening some with cords behind it. One of the women came into the parlour to inform the ladies that the coach was ready. They then got up, took an affectionate leave of their governess, and each promised to return to her in a month. Just as they were getting into the coach, Amelia said, O ma'am I have left my glove ties in my room! Will you permit me to go for them?

Governess. Certainly my dear.

Amelia then ran up stairs to find her glove ties, while the young ladies were all impatient, wishing her to come that the coach might drive off; some of them saying, O dear me, how long Amelia is! Others exclaiming, O dear, what is she doing! I think she is not for coming to us again! and other such expressions. At last Amelia came, told her governess that she had found her glove ties, and put them on. She

then kissed Mrs. Melville, and stepped into the coach. The young ladies then waved their hands to their governess till out of sight.

CHAPTER XVII.

After the young ladies had travelled about twelve miles, the coachman stopped at an inn to water the horses, and get a pint of ale for himself. When he had staid almost half an hour the young ladies were quite impatient, and had the following conversation.

Maria S. How long this man stays, I declare he doth not deserve any person to go in his coach.

Mary M. Indeed you say what is very right.

Amelia R. O what a man! why if he is not set chattering there with a pint of ale before him.

Eliza J. Indeed I must confess that I grow quite out of all patience.

Arabella S. Why I believe he does not mean to go any farther to day.

Betsey R. O he is coming now!

Mary M. Indeed I think it is time for him.

The coachman then got on his box and drove off. In about three hours they arrived at the town. The young ladies all lived in the same town, but not in the same streets.

The first place he stopped at was Mr. Smith's; he came to the door himself, took his daughter in his arms, and carried her into the house. He then bid the young ladies a good night, and invited them to come to see Miss Smith the next day. They all promised that they would. The coachman then drove off, and next stopped at Mr. Johnson's; Mr. and Mrs. Johnson came to the door, and received their daughter in their arms, and embraced her. Miss Johnson then bid the young ladies a good night, reminding them of their promise to call and see Miss Smith. She then went in with Mr. and Mrs. Johnson; and the coachman drove off to Mr. Rigby's; where he stopped. Mr. and Mrs. Rigby were very happy to see Amelia; took her in their arms into the house, and sent a servant to pay the coachman, and to bring Amelia's box in. After this he drove to Mr. Roden's; Mr. and Mrs. Roden came to the door themselves, took their daughter out of the coach, kissed her, and carried her into the house, after she had bid the young ladies a good night. The coach next stopped at Mr. Shaw's; Mr. and Mrs. Shaw came to the door to meet their daughter, embraced her, and asked Miss Marsland to take a glass of wine; Miss Mary declined it, thanked Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, and wished Miss

Shaw a good night, telling her that she would certainly call on her to morrow to go to Miss Smith's. The coachman was then paid, and the luggage carried into the house. The man then drove to Mr. Marsland's; Mr. and Mrs. Marsland came to the door to meet Mary, they took her in their arms, kissed her, and carried her into the house; paid the coachman; took Miss Mary's box into the lobby, and the man drove off to the inn.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE next day the young ladies according to promise went to Miss Smith's. They were all very happy and comfortable in each other's company, often talking of their worthy governess, and how good she had been to them during their stay at school. The young ladies were all very chearful. Little Amelia and Miss Mary Marsland grew very good, agreeable young ladies, and were beloved and respected by all their friends.

Your parents' orders pray obey,
Mind all their precepts every day,
It will bring peace unto the mind,
You always will it's blessings find.

These ladies did fair peace enjoy,
No sorrow did their hearts annoy,
Because they did obedience mind,
And were to virtue still inclin'd.
E'en when they did commit a fault
And anger in their bosom fought,
They did repent, and soon were good,
And virtue's paths they understood.
Amelia who was once inclined
To have a fretful, peevish, mind,
Did now become quite meek and mild,
A sweet, enchanting, modest child.
And Mary went no more astray,
But curb'd her temper every day,
And both became like all the rest,
Of all that mortals prize possest.